LD
557
.7
1894

ADDRESSES AND POEM

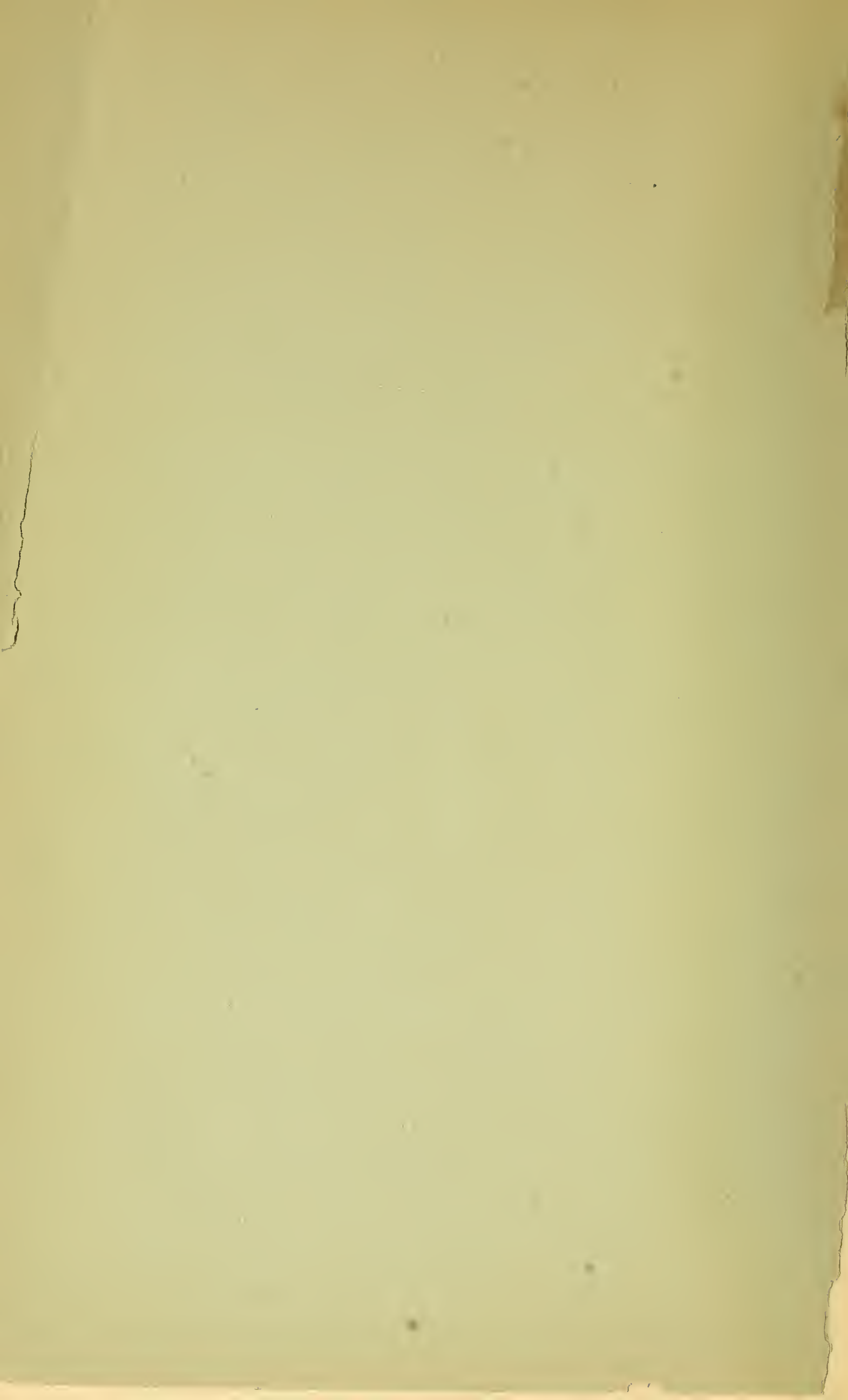
ON THE OCCASION OF THE

One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

JUNE 27 AND 28 1894



1794 BOWDOIN COLLEGE 1894

ADDRESSES AND POEM

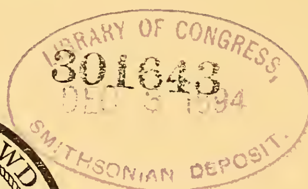
ON THE OCCASION OF THE

One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

JUNE 27 AND 28 1894



BRUNSWICK MAINE
PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGE
1894

LD557
.7
1894

PRINTED AT JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON, ME.

ADDRESS

ON THE

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

BY

EGBERT COFFIN SMYTH D.D.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 27 1894

Ascending [illegible]

ADDRESS

BY EGBERT COFFIN SMYTH,

CLASS OF 1848.

Mr. President and Brethren:

OUR centennial day, like the first in the narrative of creation, begins with the evening. It carries us back, also, as does that ancient and inspired record, to the appearance of light;—light which has shone through the century with so pure and beneficent a radiance that we may gratefully and reverently say: it came from God, and He *saw that it was good.*

It belongs to others who will address you to analyze its seven-fold ray, and show what has been its illumining and enlivening power. It is my office, if it may only be given me in some measure to fulfill it, in the opening of these services to turn your thoughts, in grateful recollection, to the goodness which has preserved and blessed, as it called into being, the College, which, more than ever perhaps to-day we think of, and love to think of, as our own, and to unite with you in the recognition that a peculiar value and honor belong to the religious element in the education for which it stands.

For only, I have supposed, from some such point of view could it have occurred to those who have arranged these exercises to devote this hour to the topic which has been assigned me. To narrate the history of the religious life of the College for a hundred years is, obviously, a task too large for such an occasion. In the enthusiasm of early years I sought to make a beginning of this enterprise, and it is my hope that Professor Little, who has so clearly and gracefully sketched for us the general history, will spare from his many labors time to gather up, ere they are irrecoverably lost, the religious reminiscences of the last fifty years; but nothing of the sort has seemed to me to be implied in the duty of this hour. This service, I conceive, is a holy vigil, like that of Christmas Eve,—not kept with fasting and humiliation, albeit we may not forget our shortcomings, if only by this we may be helped to better life,—but rather with thankful remembrances and joyful anticipations and new consecration. In a word, it is a religious service in which we would share. Otherwise I might feel, for one, that it should not precede the other exercises, nor even form a distinct part of our centennial, unless this were distributed far more than is contemplated or would be practicable. If, for instance, I were called here to speak of the history of religious instruction in the College, or of its dogmatic or theological forms and expression, I know not why Law or Medicine or the noble profession of the Teacher, or any other vocation for which college life prepares, or any

science or language or art which enters into its curriculum or has had a history here, might not prefer a claim to similar recognition. But our religion,—is there anything besides, in this world of ours, to which there belongs so plainly the right of pre-eminence, is there anything, whatever our differences of opinion, of dogma, of ecclesiastical relationships, so common to us all, so deep in our hearts, so intimate to our personality, so capable at last of binding us together in a supreme fellowship with each other, and a communion with all spirits elect and pure, and with Him who is "over all, blessed forever?" And is there anything else which so enters into the whole being and purpose and life of such a college as ours has been, and so binds together its golden years, and hallows them in our memories, and has a place in its history so unique and pre-eminent? This, therefore, if I interpret it aright, is the significance of this occasion, and by it my task is defined.

Professor Packard has preserved for us an utterance of the saintly Appleton which we may take as a watchword: "God has taken care of the College, and God will take care of it."

One marked instance of this care was Appleton's own coming hither to its leadership in the dark days when, in the summer before the graduation of the second class, its admired and eminent first President was removed by death. Was there not a similar providence when, more than a generation later, by the consenting action

of many eminent representatives of different persuasions, the College was so adjusted to its environment that its life became secure, and its work could go on in peace and strength? How marked a favor to it, also, was the singularly long tenure of office on the part of a number of its earlier professors, notably Cleaveland and Packard.

But it is not upon special mercies that I would lay the emphasis of our gratitude. These we may regard too much from some eccentric point of view and too narrowly interpret. For my purpose I would refer chiefly to causes and influences which have worked through successive generations for its good. Among these I mention, first, one which is from the beginning: the recognition and erection of moral and spiritual ends as imperative and essential aims in the education which the College was chartered to bestow.

The Act of Incorporation, passed June 24, 1794, institutes and establishes Bowdoin College for the education of youth, and prescribes that its funds "shall be appropriated to the endowment of the said college, in such manner as shall most effectually promote virtue and piety, and the knowledge of such of the languages and of the useful and liberal arts and sciences, as shall be hereafter directed, from time to time, by said corporation."

The phrase "virtue and piety" is a traditional one. It bears a trace of the coloring which the thought of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries assumed in

reaction from the preceding predominance of theological modes of conception, and emphasizes the practical turn which the human mind had taken, the stress which was laid on religious and ethical truth as an affair of life and conduct. Yet it retains no less the strong Puritan tradition which ever recognizes a fundamental relationship between the soul and God, and knows of no righteousness which has not the double aspect of obedience to the Infinite Sovereign and fulfillment of duty to our neighbor.

Even if our charter contained only the word "virtue," and not the phrase "virtue and piety," I suppose there could be no reasonable doubt of the religious animus and basis of its injunction. For virtue in the common speech of our fathers was a quality of character too sacred and authoritative to be other than of divine origin and sanction, however fulfilled in the ordinary connections and plain and homely offices of common life. Through the century at whose close our charter was framed no treatise on Education had, I suppose, so high a place and wide influence as John Locke's "Some thoughts concerning Education." He lays the greatest stress on virtue as the indispensable and highest aim of education. "I place virtue," he says, "as the first and most necessary of those Endowments that belong to a Man or a Gentleman; as absolutely requisite to make him valued or beloved by others, acceptable or tolerable to himself. Without that, I think, he will be happy, neither in this nor the

other World."[1] "'Tis Virtue . . . , direct Virtue, which is the hard and valuable Part to be aimed at in Education. . . . . All other Considerations and Accomplishments should give way, and be postpon'd to this."[2] When we inquire what Locke meant by virtue we are struck both by his opposition to any narrow theological or dogmatic interpretation of it, and no less by the firm basis he finds for it in religious truth. Its foundations, he teaches, are laid "in a true notion of a God such as the Creed wisely teaches."[3] The Creed or Symbol to which he refers is now traced, in its old Roman form, nearly up to the confines of the Apostolic Age, and it may be earlier still. It is not a speculative or theological confession. It bears no traces of the process by which the primary articles of the Christian faith became translated into the language and dialectic of the schools. From a point of view purely historic and scientific it is a marvellous creation, expressing unconsciously and in the spontaneity of the primitive piety and in a simple statement which could be expounded by an Origen to the keenest intellects and most eager students of Alexandria, or taught by some humble missionary in the wilds of Gaul or among the barbarians of Germany, a conception of God in which the clearest and purest spiritual outcome of Hellenic science, logic and metaphysic, the profoundest insight

[1] *Works*, Vol. III, p. 61, §135. Ed. MDCCXXVII. The dedicatory preface is dated 7 March, 1690.

[2] *Ib.*, p. 26, § 70.

[3] *Ib.*, p. 62, § 139.

of Oriental mysticism, the Hebrews' revelation of the infinite majesty and transcendence of the High and Holy One, are blended with the faith inspired in his disciples by Jesus of Nazareth,—a conception without which neither the highest extra Christian thoughts of God, as in Platonism or the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, nor the Jewish monotheism itself could probably have been saved for mankind by being put to use, and which is the burthen of the philosophy, the religion, the life, which to-day has promise of ethical and spiritual leadership in the century before us. And it is this apprehensible, palpable, definite, yet broad and deep, foundation of virtue which was in the faith of those who united in founding this college; present to them, it may be, not as a formal confession but in their acceptance of its historic facts, in their trust in the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, and in the Holy Spirit, and in their consecration to the life of virtue whose intellectual basis is given in such beliefs. They did not, however, speak of virtue alone,—were they not too close to the Pilgrims and the Puritans for that? They coupled with it, as belonging to it and not to be divorced from it, piety, leaving no possible ambiguity as to their intent.

Having said this they stopped. I note this as a second occasion of our gratitude. They set up no creed for student or teacher. Bowdoin College, by its charter, is open to all who desire its instructions according

to its purpose, and conform to the conditions necessary to their communication. The manner in which "virtue and piety" shall here be cultivated, is not defined by particular rules. It is only prescribed, that the funds of the College shall be so used as most effectually to promote these appointed ends. The ends are unqualified, peremptory, absolute. The means are appointed only in so far as it is required that all who administer the funds shall conscientiously and faithfully provide those instrumentalities and agents most conducive to the attainment of these unchangeable aims.

I confess to no little admiration of the reserve, as of the explicitness, of such a constitution. It follows the law and method of nature. In setting up and disclosing ends of indisputable and commanding worth, it reveals and appoints the pathway of an orderly development; in leaving room for variation and survival of the fittest it ordains progress. It justly conceives of the function and sphere of a college, or university. Thought may not be lawless; neither may it be fettered. There is a religious meaning and end to the life of our College, to its constitution, its being, as there is for the universe in which it plays its part. It can never disregard this end and purpose without violating its fundamental law. But its thought and life are free as religion itself. Nay, in being virtuous and pious they must be free. And the Christian conception of God and life to which I have referred has come into its history, and has always been present there, not by

specific enactment or the signature of "the dead hand," but in the way of truth and freedom, on its own merits, because it is the best yet attained, because it has the highest and truest authority, and has proved itself to be the most effectual method for the attainment of "virtue and piety." And for this reason, and by no arbitrary requirement, our College has always been and is to-day, a Christian College. Some of our fathers would have said, perhaps, that it is so "in the nature of things." It seems to me to be so unquestionably in the nature of Christianity. Whatever else we may think of it, we cannot doubt that Christianity has wonderfully quickened man's spiritual life and ministered to human progress in all the ways of virtue. The most scientific investigation of other religions leaves it still without a rival in its ethical power. But one religion, apart from Judaism, offers even the semblance of an approach to its central principle and motive of virtue, the religion of the pure-minded, meek, and noble Gautama Buddha. But here, where to a superficial acquaintance the resemblances seemed indicative of a formidable rivalry, a better knowledge has left beyond dispute the uniqueness and the supremacy of our Christian faith; and what has become clear in principle has been demonstrated in fact by the long histories of these two religions. Nor is there yet any perceptible limit to the power of Christianity, save the consummation declared in its prophecy, its living hope, its undeniable progress, its

unceasing and indomitable endeavor, and the will and purpose of its Founder. And so long as this remains true the way of this College to the appointed ends of "virtue and piety" will be the way in which He goes before.

A further reason for gratitude we recognize in the devotion to our College of those who have been charged with the duty of carrying into effect the provisions of the charter.

No similar institution has been supported, distinguished and governed by a larger, or a more representative and faithful body of men. This service has been rendered not only without remuneration, but mostly by men in the full tide of professional and other forms of active life. In no respect has it been more honorable and useful than in the careful selection and appointment of officers of instruction. With requisite qualification for the specific work in view, the mark of high character has always been deemed essential to appointment. No one, so far as I am aware, who has been called here to serve as a teacher, through these nearly a hundred years, has brought reproach upon the College by any stain upon his reputation, while not a few have been conspicuous, not only in their several departments of instruction, but also for their services to the public in literature, philosophy, and science, in labors of philanthropy, in promoting the cause and the arts of peace, in the strenuous contest for the unity and life of our nation.

If the selection of such teachers properly elicits our gratitude, certainly we may be thankful for the men themselves.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has said quite recently: "The older I have grown and the more I have studied and seen, the greater in my esteem, as an element of strength in a people, has character become, and the less in the conduct of human affairs have I thought of mere capacity or even genius. With character a race will become great, even though they be as stupid and unassimilating as the Romans; without character any race will in the long run prove a failure, though it may number in it individuals having all the brilliancy of the Jews, crowned with the genius of Napoleon."[1] Whatever besides we may justly claim for the men who here have taught the more than five thousand pupils who have sought their instructions, we recognize gratefully the worth of their character. Not a few have been marked men in this regard, peculiarly fitted by nature and grace to train the sturdy mental and moral strength and inborn energy of the pupils annually supplied by a people not exceeded by any in these sterling qualities.

Brief as was his Presidency Dr. McKeen left an impress on the College which it has never lost. His standards for it were intellectually and religiously high, because they had been so for himself, far above outward conditions, superior to incidental adversities,

[1] *Proceedings of the Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Jan., 1894, 2 ser., vol. viii., p. 408.

high, when of its material or sensible resources we may almost say that they were

Nil nisi campus et aer.

On the day of his inauguration, before a student had been admitted, he entreated "all good men here present to unite in fervent supplications to the great Father of light, knowledge, and all good, that His blessing may descend upon this seminary; that it may eminently contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge, the religion of Jesus Christ, the best interests of man, and the glory of God." He was, says the Rev. Dr. Jenks, who knew him well, "a man of piety as well as a scholar," "a Puritan in heart," "a humble pupil of the Redeemer." His impressive exclamation in a closing address to the first class on Commencement day (the earliest form of our long series of notable Baccalaureate Sermons): "God forbid that you should ever be ashamed to be governed by the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ," shows his own standard. This type of character, this love of knowledge and appreciation of its usefulness and aspiration to promote it, this zeal for "the best interests of man," this transcendent yet most practical aim—the glory of God, have marked and lighted up the history of our College from that early day until now. The education given has been most profoundly practical, for it has helped to make men. It has been most real, for it has never lost the sense of the value of life, nor of an end which is fit to be followed because of its own intrinsic and abso-

lute worth. It has touched the deepest springs of motive, and worked from the centre of personality, because it has been given by men whose own personalities commanded respect and who were themselves in living touch with the One Person they delighted to confess, the only perfect type of character and the glorious ideal of our humanity.

Cicero, in the *de Legibus*, in words some of which have been applied to the poet Herbert at Westminster school, puts into the mouth of Atticus a sentiment which comes home to us as we return to these scenes of our early training. "We are moved," says Atticus, "I know not in what way, by the very places in which are present the vestiges of those whom we love and admire. Indeed even our own Athens itself no longer delights me by the magnificent edifices and exquisite arts of the ancients as by the remembrance of its eminent men, where each was wont to dwell, where to sit, where to teach."[1] Imperishably dear to us, here or elsewhere, is every spot that associates itself with the pleasures, the fresh awakenings, the early growths of our lives,—the brook in which as boys we fished, the river, pond or bay on which we rowed or sailed, the hills we climbed, the roof that sheltered us. More memorable to us still are the place and the

[1] Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsae illae nostrae Athenae non jam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi [qui, ed. *Klotz*] disputare sit solitus, studioseque eorum etiam sepulcra contemplor. *De Leg.* II. 2, § 4.

influence which stirred within us some eager intellectual aspiration we have never lost, some undying sense of law or order and method in the transitory scenes and events of our existence. And our strongest and most cherished associations, those we most love to date from and that most of all seem to have become part of our being, always, I imagine, have in them the most of what is ethical and spiritual. They come to us through persons, and quicken us in our deepest personality. They lead us up to

> "truths that wake,
> To perish never,"

on and out to the good which is unseen and eternal. Such associations, it may be, we have with these scenes, and, more than we may have realized earlier, through influences transmitted from the men of faith and prayer who first taught in these halls, through McKeen and Appleton and Allen and Newman and Cleaveland, as well as through those whom we personally knew, and of them all we think to-day, as did Dante of the souls he saw returning to their stars, that they had felt "the eternal breath," or as Matthew Arnold of those in whom his father's memory helped him to believe:

> "souls temper'd with fire,
> Fervent, heroic, and good,
> Helpers and friends of mankind."

Nor may we forget in recalling the spiritual forces that have entered into our College's history the men who in successive classes have kept alive the fires on

the altars of our faith. Although there was apparently something of declension in the religious life of the community at the time when the College was started, and a marked inadequacy of provision for its nurture in the young, its flame was early kindled here never since to be extinguished. Not a few seasons of unusual earnestness mark its record, to some of which I have elsewhere referred. What, I imagine, impresses us most of all to-day is, the tenacity and continuity of this Christian life. Voltaire is said to have remarked "that Christianity would not survive the nineteenth century."[1] Professor Tholuck once took me to a spot near Halle, to which the students of its University, early in the century, marched to burn the Scriptures. He lived to see an entire change of sentiment there; and here, as in other colleges to-day, I think, the spirit of reverence for religion and the power of Christian consecration are more apparent than they were in the opening of the century.

The permanence, the abiding force, the great results of the Christian lives here formed or trained, are other salient features of this history. Comrades we have known, here have seen the heavenly vision which called them into paths of service that brightened more and more unto a perfect day. Here ideals have grown clear that never faded, high born resolutions have been formed that issued in heroic deeds, ministries

[1] I quote the words of Professor Adams, *Civilization during the Middle Ages*, p. 387, where other kindred predictions are referred to.

planned that have blessed many a community, missions that are transforming nations. In the shaded walk, at the hour of prayer, in the solitude of night, heaven has touched with its beauty and strength lives that have ended in its glories.

Our oldest living alumnus, a pupil of President Appleton, still wears the Christian armor which he girded on in the brilliant promise of his youth. Our fifth President,

Serus in coelum redeas,

still teaches at one of our highest seats of learning, with clearness and power unsurpassed, the faith which in the class of 1833 he not only professed, but purely and nobly lived. On the Bosphorus I see a light, harbinger of the day which we hope will follow the gloomy night of Turkish despotism, a Pharos to many a voyager on the troubled and darkening waters of the Orient,—it is there because of a resolve made here sixty-one years ago, by a member, who is with us to-day, of the class of 1834.

I may not venture thus to refer to others among the living,—how can I call the roll of the sainted dead, how speak worthily of such a man as Rufus Anderson, for more than half a century connected with an office comparable even in visible power, in some particulars, only with that of a Secretary of State, immeasurable in its moral and spiritual reach; of Calvin E. Stowe, at once original and learned, witty and wise, contesting here the palm of oratory with John P. Hale, contending

everywhere and always, through his distinguished career, for justice and right, the same true, open-hearted Christian man in his college days as ever after; of Jacob Abbott and his four brothers, pioneers in mediating Christian truth to the intelligence, conscience and love of the young; of Henry B. Smith and Daniel R. Goodwin, both, like Rufus Anderson and many another, beginning their Christian confession in their college days; of Ezra Abbot, reading from his Greek Testament as he led the Sunday morning meeting of the "Praying Circle," a continued embodiment of the Renaissance in his constant appeal to the sources of knowledge and authority,[1] an Erasmus in scholarship and more than an Erasmus in moral courage, the scholar's ever helpful friend; of George B. Cheever, that fervid and fearless prophet of the Lord; of George B. Little and John O. Means and the Drummonds; of "Father" Snow and "Father" Rich, both ministers of kindliness and helpfulness; nor of these, or such as these, alone, who here lifted high the banner of the cross, but of many another, not here perhaps in name, but at least in heart already belonging to the Christian host, or destined to its ranks in God's high purpose, classmates true and fair and noble in spirit and aim, whose lives have shown the then unrealized grace that since has crowned them. And what courage and hope come to us in these suggestions, and in this merest glimpse of the inward conflict and

[1] See Prof. Adams on Erasmus and the Renaissance, *op. cit.* pp. 381, 382, 384.

victory, struggle and deliverance, promise and fulfillment, which make up the story of the religious life within these halls,—courage and hope from what has been achieved, courage and hope as we reflect that we are thus lifting or turning to the light but a corner of one of the smallest pages of that voluminous book of life in which are recorded the names of those who are dear to Christ, and will be so to all good men at last for His dear sake,—that long and bright succession and unnumbered host who shall share his triumph; for what here has been wrought, is what has been before, and will be in days to come, until Truth has won its final victory, and Goodness its eternal crown, and all that He has begun, who died for us all, and in whom we and all men are complete, shall be fulfilled.

I have sometimes tried to think what the history of this institution would have been if it had not been chartered for "virtue and piety," and solemnly dedicated to the service of Christ and the glory of God. But the attempt is of the impossible. It requires us to think out of the history the glorious company of teachers who have made it illustrious, and not only these but its generous benefactor, whose name it bears, and the whole Huguenot tradition behind him; its early trustees and overseers, with the Puritan blood that coursed in their veins; no less, the hallowed homes and fireside altars, the countless prayers and untold sacrifices of many and many a hero and heroine of our faith, who wrung by hardest toil for sons or brothers the educa-

tion denied themselves, but whose desire burned and flamed in their own unquenchable aspirations for truth and goodness, and in their pure sacrificial love,—nay, it were to try and think away the whole community and social order and civilization out of which our College sprung. We cannot and we would not do it. We walk here on consecrated ground, and the air which inspires our life is still tremulous with the songs that welcomed to our earth the Son of God.

Religion gives to education what nothing else can bestow, "the vision of the whole."[1] It adds the vision of an absolute good, without which even ethics has no stable authority or constraining force. It crowns all by engendering and liberating the power which turns all acquisition into service—science, art, learning into ministry,—that altruistic force which students of the social problems of our day affirm with increasing agreement and emphasis is indispensable to their practical solution. I know of but one influence in human history that has shown itself equal to the production of this force on any scale sufficient to give us a sure hope for our own time and for what is before us. Were this divine power to be spurned from our halls of learning and from our seats of science, I believe that the breath of the Almighty would scorch them to blackness and desolation, while it raised up

[1] Bishop Westcott, as quoted from a volume entitled *Cambridge Sermons preached before the University in St. Mary's Church*, 1889–1892. Selected and edited by C. H. Prior, M.A.

from the stones of the earth the men that should lead the nations to their Hosannas.

But far from our thoughts may such shadows flee away. Our past, indeed, alone, is no security for our future. The College is, each year, what the men who guide its affairs, who teach and study in it, make it. Yet the great experience we have had of God's goodness for the century now past is a warrant for still greater hope and expectation. Forms of religious thought will continue to change, beliefs take on new meanings, methods vary and improve. Justice, dear ever to the Puritan heart, may gain distincter tones and diviner aspects, mercy a more "celestial sheen," truth a wider sway and more commanding authority. Better Christians, too, we may hope will come up hither, and, as called of God, remain here, or go forth to their appointed work. But still the greatest thing in our College will be the character of its guardians, its teachers, its students; still will remain here the Christian type, more and more clearly discerned, perhaps, to be the goal of human history[1] as this draws on to the manifestation of the sons and the Kingdom of God; still ever will be heard, by those who are of the truth, the Voice of Him who spake to men as never man, who rules the world from his Cross, who came to give Life, and to give it abundantly.

[1] Rom. viii. 19 has been interpreted as inclusive of this conception.

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once didst come in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe :—

We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

BY

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER, LL.D.

Thursday June 28 1894

ADDRESS

BY MELVILLE WESTON FULLER, LL.D.,

CLASS OF 1853.

ALTHOUGH to an institution endowed with perennial existence, and engaged in work which continually opens up untraveled fields, its first century is but a part of its youth; yet the lapse of that period, in contemplation of the limitations on human life, imparts somewhat of the dignity of age without its infirmities, somewhat of the gravity derived from experience without the consequent loss of enthusiasm; while the rapid march of events; the questions in respect of human destiny which have been pressing for solution; the recollection of what she has herself accomplished, inevitably heighten the sense of the passage of years as we meet to celebrate the coming, a century ago, of that gentle mother, whom time has touched only to adorn, and who has grown in sweetness and maternal power with the increasing number of her children.

In one of his delightful letters, Mr. Lowell, engaged in the preparation of the Harvard address, which, he says, "drags like an ox-sled caught away from home in

a January thaw," exclaims: "Why did the Lord make us with ten fingers and toes that we might count up to the fifties and hundreds and so make ourselves capable of this superstition of anniversaries?" but the golden-mouthed orator furnished the best answer to his own jocose complaint, and the shining current of his eloquence was ruffled by no sign of the mental irritation that occasioned it.

The truth is that nothing is more natural, nothing more useful, than the observance of anniversaries which may serve as landmarks in the progress of humanity; and communion with the past is but intercourse with a dear, familiar friend, chastened by trial, and wise through experience; intercourse fraught with instruction, with encouragement, and with guidance for the future.

This finds ample illustration in the comparatively recent series of national celebrations, which, as they have commemorated the Declaration of Independence; the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; the inauguration of Washington; the organization of the Federal Judiciary; significant events of the Revolutionary struggle; have recalled, with the trials, the illustrious figures of the early days of the Republic; the principles upon which the foundations of the government were laid; and that development of civilization from which those principles were evolved.

So, but a few years since, occurred the commemoration of its eight hundredth birthday by the renowned

Italian University, through the interpretation of whose schools, the influence of the civil law on organized government and civilization has apparently been placed beyond the power of time to lessen or destroy, though even the victorious flights of the eagles of Rome had their appointed end. Other similar festivals, as for example, those in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Edinburgh, of Dublin, and of Leyden, as well as the two hundred and fiftieth of Harvard, the one hundredth of Williams, of Dartmouth, and of many another of our sister colleges, have alike borne testimony to the increase in vigor that comes through progress in the cultivation of the human mind; have alike summoned up a past, whether of greater or less duration, justly entitled by its fruits to veneration; and have alike demonstrated the benefit of such periodical reviews of what has been suffered and achieved, and what may, therefore, fairly be anticipated.

The name which our College bears is associated with precious memories, and the inauguration of its government had a picturesqueness all its own. And the repetition to some extent of the attractive story of its life, on a day like this, expressly devoted to its contemplation, can hardly be avoided, however familiar through the better qualified labors of others.

Doubtless the people of the District of Maine, possessing distinctive characteristics derived from the situation, nature, and capabilities of the Province; the circumstances of its original settlement; and the

character of its immigration; desired their own establishment for the acquisition of higher education, while, moreover, distance had not then been annihilated nor the cost of travel reduced, and such an establishment appeared to be an absolute necessity. When that desire, springing from the spirit of independence and attachment to locality, as well as the pressure of necessity, took formal shape is matter of speculative interest, but the movement is said to have begun before the Revolutionary War, and probably speedily ensued upon the close of the French and Indian hostilities.

We know that the attempt in 1787 was earnestly renewed in the fall of 1788 through petitions to the General Court, after which the legislative journals show unremitting effort to attain the end, in spite of inevitable differences as to name and location. In the proposed act of 1791, still to be found in the Massachusetts archives, "the particular place and site" was to be thereafter "ascertained and fixed by the legislature;" and while the college was styled "Maine," it was provided that the corporation might change the name "in honor of the greatest benefactor;" and the power to acquire and hold property was subjected to the limitation that "the annual income of the whole estate, both real and personal, for the use of said college shall never exceed six thousand pounds." The thrifty suggestion as to the name was, however, abandoned, perhaps because, as intimated by our latest historian, some assurance rendered it unnecessary; but

we prefer to believe, because general conviction determined the final choice.

And while the apprehension of too great opulence still induced the General Court to retain a limitation on the income, the six thousand pounds was increased to ten thousand, which it took nearly a hundred years to render an inconvenient restraint.

When on the 24th of June, 1794, Samuel Adams approved the charter of Bowdoin College, he must have recalled the ancient friend with whom for so many years he had been associated in the struggle for American liberty and American independence.

The annals of the time record the harmonious action of these two patriots as respectively members of the Massachusetts Council and House of Representatives, and Hutchinson's complaints were deep and bitter over the reciprocity of communication between them, which kept both branches of the legislature in steady and concordant opposition. They were elected together to the Continental Congress, family illness preventing Bowdoin's attendance, thereby giving Hancock the opportunity to sign the Declaration in his place; they were fellow-members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts, and of that by which the Federal Constitution was ratified; and in the suppression of agrarian outbreak the man of the town meeting stood by the Governor of the State in the establishment of order and the restoration

of peace by the vigorous exercise of the State's whole civil and military power.

Bowdoin's Huguenot descent, that stock, whose virtues cast

> "Such healthful leaven 'mid the elements
> That peopled the new world;"

his eminent public career, so largely contributing to successful resistance to arbitrary power, to the union of the colonies, and to the formation of the new government; especially the part he took in respect of the grant to Congress of that unifying power, the regulation of commerce with foreign nations and between the several States; his distinction in the cultivation of science and letters; his intimate relations with Washington and Franklin; his unaffected piety and his Christian death; these things carry their own lessons and give cause for felicitation that they are inseparably connected with the day we celebrate.

James Bowdoin, the son, succeeded to close terms of friendship with Washington, as the well-known incidents of his accompanying the General when he threw up his redoubts on Dorchester Heights, and his taking him to dinner at his grandfather's after the evacuation, sufficiently show. The historian and the orator have alike recorded that the best that the market afforded for that dinner was a piece of salt beef, but have left the cooking to conjecture—a vital consideration according to Hawthorne, who declares that when he dealt with

that article of diet in a culinary way, it was so artistically done that it seemed irreverential to eat it.

But the second Bowdoin, although filling responsible public positions, including those of Minister to Spain and to France, to acceptance, must always be chiefly remembered here for the wise munificence with which he sought to advance the cause of letters, in the perpetuation of his father's memory and the family name. Beyond the mere bestowal of land and money, his discriminating thoughtfulness in many of his gifts marked the liberal culture in the extension of which he was engaged when called home from foreign travel and foreign study by the news from Lexington.

Thus, as we are told by his eulogist at the annual commencement of 1812, he formed his collection of minerals and metals and the models of crystallography deposited with them, for the use of the College, because, "appreciating the value of a knowledge of minerals in a new country like this, he was anxious to give every possible facility to this study;" and he endowed a professorship of mathematics and natural and experimental philosophy. Yet he could hardly have anticipated that, but a few years after his death, the first American work on mineralogy would carry the names of Cleaveland and of Bowdoin throughout the civilized world; or that the College could boast in its centennial year, in the Searles Science Building, of better facilities for teaching the sciences than any college of its size possesses. And so when he bestowed his collection of paintings

and original sketches, that the ennobling influences of this and its kindred arts might be joined to those of literature, how little could he have looked forward to the realization of his hopes in the splendid endowment which has just been dedicated.

It was enough that he knew that fruit will sooner or later be brought forth from seed sown in good ground, with an honest and good heart, though the sower may not himself be able to estimate, or be spared to see, the harvest.

The classic pen of President Woods has embalmed for us the scene of the inauguration of the first President and the first Professor, the ceremonies being conducted, for the most part, in Latin, on a stage erected in the woods. "We may well imagine," he says, "that even the whispering pines of the forest, and the sylvan creatures inhabitating it, were hushed into silence, as they heard for the first time the language of the Augustan age and of the world of letters, here pronounced in sonorous periods and with polished utterance—here where the war-whoop of the Indian had so recently resounded. . . . And what else than the first notes of the Orphean harp were these classic words, uttered on this rustic stage in the forest, by which a new domain was here annexed to the world of letters, and a fountain of Christian culture, purer than Helicon, was opened here in this dry and thirsty land." Thus at one graphic stroke the old and the new were brought together, and with the creation of the instrumentality,

the culture of the centuries shown to be within the grasp of the subduer of the forest and the soil.

This was in 1802, for various delays had accompanied the realization of the endowment, the erection of buildings and the organization of a corps of instruction; but we are celebrating the planting of the tree, and the eight years during which the sap was commencing to run, and before the branches and leaves began to put forth and the fruit to form, have rightfully been included in the computation. Our book of remembrance contains entries of the struggles of that period, which are part of the life we are commemorating.

Nothing can be added to the picture drawn by Dr. Woods, with characteristically artistic touch, of the use of Massachusetts Hall for the accommodation of the President and his family, as well as the eight students composing the first class, while also furnishing chapel and recitation rooms. The vision of the good shepherd leading his little flock with his staff is charming, although, as the rapping of the President's cane on the stairs summoned to prayers and recitations alike, the impressive disciplinary suggestion thus conveyed may have obscured the sweetness of the pastoral relation to some of the fold.

We must remember that at this time the wilderness covered the larger part of the country, and that, although Portland and Wiscasset were flourishing seaports, Bangor was a hamlet, and Hallowell and Augusta were just peeping from the forest. Access

to the latter from Brunswick was on horseback, and, according to Professor Packard, it was deemed a great exploit, when in 1803 or 1804, that passage was accomplished in a sulky by Judge Parker of the Supreme Court on his Eastern Circuit—Judge Parker, who, elected to the presidency of the College by the Board of Trustees, was preserved, by the rejection of the Overseers, to succeed Theophilus Parsons as Chief Justice of Massachusetts; as was Dr. Nott, by a like rejection, to remain for sixty-two years the President of Union College.

But, if we lost Parker and Nott, we gained Appleton, whose selection was hailed as a happy outcome of the differences between the boards.

It was in that year, 1807, that President Dwight visited Brunswick, and in his letters of travel described the College as it then appeared, with its two College buildings (one unfinished), its chapel and "Presidential house." Coming from a college with but one board, Dr. Dwight was, perhaps not unnaturally, moved to refer to Bowdoin as being "encumbered with two legislative bodies," under which system he thought "the interests of a public seminary can never become prosperous, unless by accident, or the peculiarly meritorious labors of a wise and vigorous faculty;" the principal objection which he urged being that the second board would not be likely to become sufficiently acquainted with the affairs of the institution to act with wisdom. But the result has vindicated the usefulness of our

system, and demonstrated that the Doctor's particular objection rested on an unfounded assumption. Those letters, however, gave a vivid account of the difficulties under which Maine was settled, and made a wiser prediction in saying of its inhabitants that "in enterprise and activity they will be outdone by no people on the globe."

Then and for many years the coaster, the lumbering coach that brought the semi-weekly mail, the saddle, and the private chaise or carriage, furnished the means of travel; yet difficulty of access was not without its compensations, and seems to have possessed a charm all its own. Indeed, Horatio Bridge, when referring, in his delightful reminiscences, to Franklin Pierce, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Jonathan Cilley, and Alfred Mason as among the passengers by stage-coach in the summer of 1821, intimates that their life-long friendship (all too short as to two of them) was the result of this chance association, and declares that the stage-coach gave better opportunities for acquaintance than the modern railway car. If this be so, it has not had sufficient influence to resist the demand for ease and rapidity, and upon the whole it would seem that neither Plato nor Cicero, Erasmus nor Hume, would have attached importance as the proximate cause of the close friendships formed by association in common intellectual pursuits to the particular mode in which the temple of instruction was reached. But the mention of that stage-coach brings vividly before us

some of the claims of our College to recognition, for it carried him who was to become the great literary artist of his time; a future President of the United States; the rising hope of his party, who was to fall a victim to a state of society, happily long since passed away; and the son of a giant in the law, whose youth gave promise of equal eminence in another profession.

The early commencements were impressive and enjoyable occasions. Distinguished men, eminent in official position, in letters, in theology (and the two boards were made up of such), were always present, and they were enlivened by various incidents, such as the overturning of General Knox's carriage during the terrific storm at the first; the two commencement balls, because of the storm, the flower, amusement, thus being plucked from the nettle, danger; the attendance of Governor Gore with great pomp and circumstance at the fourth, and the like. It was at some one of these earliest celebrations that the venerable officiating clergyman invoked the blessing on the class "about to be let loose on the community," although the year has not been remembered, nor has it been possible to identify it by the excess of depredation committed by those particular graduates.

Perhaps the subjects of the parts of the first graduating classes afford some indication of the comprehensiveness of the training the students of that day received. "Whether utility be the foundation of moral obligation;" "the use of history;" "the power

of language;" "the solar system;" "the progress and influence of literature;" "whether the light of nature, without the aid of revelation, be sufficient evidence of the immortality of the soul;" were among those in 1806 and 1807. Thorndike of the oak beneath whose branches so many classes have exchanged their farewells, discoursed at the first commencement upon "the influence of commerce on public manners," while at the second the accomplished Daveis discussed "the infirmity of theory," and delivered a poem on "Tradition."

These topics have a familiar sound, but how different the treatment from what they could have received then, physical science and social evolution demand for them to-day; as, indeed, the exercises of yesterday sufficiently evidenced.

Obviously the progress of the century in every direction would find fair illustration in the parts at all the commencements, for the College has always kept abreast of the times, and that fact would necessarily thus be indicated. How far the future distinction of the student can be predicted by the rank assigned, has not been definitely settled. Macaulay said that "the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been first in competition of the world," and Bowdoin has furnished abundant proofs in support of that conclusion, though the exceptions have thus far been sufficiently numerous to prevent the laying down of

any hard and fast line upon the subject. As time goes on and the curriculum is expanded, a nearer approach to uniformity in that regard may be expected, but the rule can never be so absolute as to discourage earnest effort because of failure to meet its requisitions.

That the selection of the subject of his part is one of the straws showing which way the wind of aspiration or of ambition is blowing in the young man's mind, has often been asserted, and that of Longfellow on "Our Native Writers" has been instanced in support of that contention, but "Chatterton" was the topic he selected, and he changed his theme on the advice of his father. Singularly, President Woods, on his graduation at Union in 1827, gave a poem on "Suicide," Chatterton being the hero; but as Dr. Nott prescribed the subject, form, and even meter, what his own choice would have been it is impossible to tell, though the incident shows that Dr. Nott considered our President capable of anything.

The Nestor of the old faculty, Professor Cleaveland, appeared at the first commencement. Arriving in the preceding October, for fifty years he attracted attention to the College by that display of unrivaled capacity which merged his renown as an author in his celebrity as a great teacher.

Packard, Smyth, Upham, and Newman came later, and to these, Goodwin, who succeeded Longfellow, whose departure justified Mr. Daveis' remark that other

institutions not only borrowed our oil but took away our lamps also.

Any attempt to retouch the lifelike portraiture of their colleagues to be found in the pages of Woods, of Packard, and of Goodwin, would be idle, while Packard is immortalized in the lines of one of the most celebrated of his pupils and associates.

As to him, an observation may well be added. In his address of 1858, Professor Packard quotes Chief Justice Jay as saying that the French Revolution "banished silk stockings and good manners;" but he furnished in himself throughout the sixty-five years of his devotion to the College and its work, indubitable proof that, though knee breeches had disappeared, the latter part of the opinion of the Chief Justice must be limited in its application or be overruled.

The wide and varied learning, the accurate scholarship, the critical and incisive intellect of Goodwin, continued in other fields of usefulness, the high distinction which accompanied his efforts here, while his remarkable power in debate gave him deserved weight in the councils of the church of which he was a member.

No mist separates the memories of these early laborers in this vineyard from the later time. They live not simply in the published works by which most of them won great distinction—not simply in the reputation acquired by the excellence of their teaching, but in the sweet remembrance of those daily lives of faith-

fulness to duty, through which precept received its chiefest value from example.

The charter established a College "for the purpose of educating youth," by the appropriation of its income "in such manner as shall most effectually promote virtue and piety and the knowledge of such of the languages, and of the useful and liberal arts and sciences as shall be hereafter directed from time to time by said corporation."

Those were the days—we trust, in every fundamental sense, they still are with us—when all alike regarded virtue and piety as essential elements of education and religion as the chief corner-stone of an educational institution.

It was impossible that any other view could be entertained. Religion of some kind has been the basis of education of whatever kind and at whatever time; and as the things of truth, of honesty, of justice, of purity, of loveliness, and of good report were the acknowledged ends of education, these were to be attained only through the spiritual forces of the Christian religion by which human culture had been preserved and through which it was to reach its highest development.

The charter did but adopt the language of the constitution of the state, which declared not only that knowledge, wisdom, and virtue were necessary for the preservation of the people's rights and liberties, but also that the people's happiness and good order and the

preservation of civil government essentially depended upon piety, religion, and morality.

Persuaded of these truths, it was in their enforcement that the godly men to whose care the infant years of the college were committed found their inspiration and their hope; and if a certain narrowness has been attributed to them, it must not be forgotten that the strength of a foundation depends upon the carrying quality of which it is composed rather than its breadth.

"If this institution," said Hawthorne, in that early novel, which his fame has not allowed to be suppressed, "did not offer all the advantages of older and prouder seminaries, its deficiencies were compensated to its students by the inculcation of regular habits, and of a deep and awful sense of religion which seldom deserted them in their course through life." It does not appear that the severity of the presentation of religious truths prevented him from indulging in the youthful pleasures of the time, but in this reference is there not to some extent a key to the sombre undertones of the works of this great artist? Did not the influence to which he alludes impress itself upon his imagination and find expression in the treatment of the profound problems of life, the nature of sin, its relation to crime, the mystery of pain, the reason and the value of existence, the law of repentance, the cure for the sinning soul, with which he deals in those masterpieces of fiction?

No doubt intellectual discipline and not religious instruction is the object of the modern college, but the

importance of religious influence on the life and character of the student has never been underrated here, and the golden strand still runs through the cable that moors the College to its anchorage, and marks it as one of the ships of the King.

The requirement of the observance of the Lord's Day and attendance at Chapel exercises and upon public worship still obtains, and the religious atmosphere of the earlier years still pervades those which have succeeded.

If worship be necessary, and decay marks the nation which neglects it, that necessity has not been weakened in the advance of science; the increase in business and political activities; the multiplication of human wants and the means of their gratification; the progress of man in the solution of the problem of self-government.

Physiology demonstrated the experiment of Revolutionary France of one day in ten to be inadequate for the rest required by nature, and the soul should be accorded no less for its repose.

True, the President of the United States would not now be halted by the "tythingman" for violation of law in riding to church on Sunday morning, nor would the student be fined "for unnecessary walking on the Sabbath;" but less rigor in the enforcement leaves the rule unchanged, and the reasoning has not lost its force, that so "outward obedience may come to foster inward; for submission becomes habit, and habit inclination, and inclination love, and love piety, and thus, though

of mean origin, may grow up a sentiment that shall be high, no less than a sacred sentiment inspiring man's spirit with all that is holy on the holy day."

Naturally the first two presidents, McKeen and Appleton, both scholars with marked aptitudes for college government, are chiefly remembered as men of piety. McKeen died all too early to leave a particular impress on the institution, although the students he matriculated testified in their after life to the benefits of his instruction; while the saintliness of Appleton so marks the twelve years of his presidency as to withdraw attention from other and adequate grounds of commendation.

Dr. Allen was evidently equally devoted to the cause of religion though perhaps less felicitous in his efforts to advance it. Of much industry and learning, he was a man of many works, including many verses, to which one of his pupils obviously refers when he says that the students "regarded him with an affection that was strengthened by the little foibles which occasionally excited their ridicule," an admonition that persons in high station should be cautious in venturing into rhyme. He was manifestly an excellent fighter, and enjoyed the satisfaction, though losing the presidency of Dartmouth University through the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, of retaining that at Brunswick by the decision of one of the most eminent members of that court.

The establishment of the Medical School signalized

his administration, and may be attributed in large measure to his efforts, as is fairly to be inferred from his address on the death of his ancient friend and colleague, Dr. Nathan Smith, whose name is inseparably connected with the institution. The school, President Allen says, assumed "at once a rank and character among the best institutions of the kind in America," and this it has always sustained.

That discourse is a characteristic one, and Dr. Allen makes it perfectly plain that his views of the nature and merits of the celebrated controversy, from which he had so recently emerged, remained unchanged.

Considering the distinguished statesmen and jurists who graduated under his regime—such men as William Pitt Fessenden, John P. Hale, Franklin Pierce, Seargent S. Prentiss (George Evans had preceded them), Chief Justice Appleton, Drummond, Boyd, and others—more, in proportion, than have ever passed the portals of any college in this country, at a given time—his remarks on the various professions and occupations of men are extremely interesting. He assigns the first rank to the teacher of divine truth, the next to the skillful and faithful physician, and then says that the ministers of justice, including the expounders of the law, as well as those "who argue on opposite sides of every question, may be useful, especially in a contentious community, in maintaining the rights of property and of character." "The race of statesmen," he continues, "may be of some advantage, although it is understood by the

intelligent, that their wisest measures are such, as interfere the least with individual enterprise; or, in other words, that they are wisest, when they make the fewest enactments; wisest, generally, when they do nothing." And after some observations upon government in the spirit of Mr. Jefferson's first inaugural, he adds: "Besides, a great statesman is very apt to seize upon a great project, and a great project is usually full of mischief."

President Woods was a man of different temperament and of different methods. He came to the presidency though "young in years, in sage experience old;" and his profound scholarship; his exquisite culture; his wonderful colloquial powers; the breadth of his views; his love for all that was old, which nevertheless did not lessen his deep sympathy with all that was progressive, at least progressive along the ancient ways, carried the reputation of the College to the highest point, and endeared him to all who sat under his instruction. The chapel commemorates not only his love of art in connection with religion, but the facility with which he applied the analytical capacity, which had served him so well in threading the mazes of theology, to the mastery of the law of contingent remainders. He was regarded by some as a poet, and he was certainly a born orator in that the highest exercise of his powers was called forth by the audience before him. He seemed to realize the thought of Gladstone, and to receive the influence of the minds of his hear-

ers in vapor and pour it back upon them in a flood. He never swerved in his allegiance to the church of his fathers, but his mind dwelt on the points in which ecclesiastical organizations agreed rather than those in which they differed, and he hoped the time might come when they might co-operate "as parts of one common church," a hope significant of the sweetness and light of his character.

The discipline he believed in and exercised was based upon personal influence and the invocation of the principles of honor, and the reverence and affection of those upon whom it operated were paid him in life and follow him now that he rests from his labors. And yet how little in permanent form remains to us of this eminent man! A Phi Beta Kappa oration; eulogies on Professor Cleaveland and Daniel Webster; the address on the opening of the New Medical College—all perfect in their kind—a translation with an introduction, equal, if not superior, to the text; a few review articles; and while these demonstrate that half his strength he put not forth, they are not enough for that enduring fame that should have been his. Why was it so? Was it because aspiration filled his mind with ideal visions to which he despaired of giving adequate expression, while he lacked the ambition to leave visible monuments to posterity on his own account? Or was he content with that influence on minds which by transmission will move the undercurrents for unnumbered years, though the original source of impulse be

forgotten? In that sense, a great teacher may rest satisfied with the work which he has accomplished, though the remembrance of his personality may be chiefly perpetuated in the long survival of regret that he had not so embodied the results of his intellectual toil that hither, as to a fountain, "other suns" might return, "and in their urns, draw golden light."

The College is not, and has never claimed to be, a university, in the sense of a place of universal instruction, or of an examining rather than a teaching body. Nor is it a school of science or of professional training, but it is a school whose scheme of discipline and culture aims to fit the student for the pursuits of practical life or to advance in any line of further development, whether in the professions, in letters, or in science. True, the Medical School is under its charge and joins to it one of the great faculties belonging to universities, and the expectation is reasonable that in due time there may be others, including that of theology, when that foolish virgin, as President Woods remarked, has replenished her lamp with the oil of her sister sciences; but thus far the College has wisely been contented with its position as a school for fundamental liberal education, afforded at a cost that places it within the reach of the humblest, and has left larger institutions to occupy their own fields without being tempted into perilous competition. Nor is it likely to change its essential characteristics when all the professional schools are grouped about it. The storm in respect of

classical culture passed over its head undisturbed, and it has adhered to the mathematical and classical curriculum from the first; but broadened to open up to the student every department, whether in the cultivation of the humanities or of the phenomena and laws of nature, or of economics, according to the advancing standards of the time. The conservatism which secures that which is best in the past has been united to the progress which is essential to any future, for with educational, as with every other human institution, growth is the essential condition of preservation from decay.

And now glancing back over the years that have gone, to what extent have the alumni of the College vindicated the training that they here received and the influences by which they were surrounded during this formative period of their lives? Huxley says practical life is a rule of three sum, in which your duty, multiplied by your capacity and divided by your circumstances, gives your deserts. Let us, for our purpose, put it thus, what has the result been of the multiplication of duty by capacity and again by college training and environment? What have been the results in character, in power, in culture, and in the exertion of beneficial influence? Doubtless in a given course of years there are seasons of peculiar richness of bloom in every college and university. Such was the time when Longfellow and Hawthorne shed undying lustre on the class of 1825, for in that class, and in the classes that imme-

diately preceded and followed it, covering a period of seven years, we find the names of men of such eminence as jurists, physicians, authors, teachers, and divines, statesmen and orators, as would render any school illustrious. Among them were six members of the Senate of the United States, of whom two still survive, one of them, born the year that witnessed the entry of the first class, we welcome to this Centennial of the College, on which he has reflected so much honor, and to which he has given the faithful service of so many years. And both before and after this particular period, graduates of the highest distinction, sometimes rising singly rather than in constellations, have given our *Alma Mater* just cause for honest pride.

Obviously a roll of alumni upon which appear a President and nine Senators of the United States, a Speaker of the National House, twenty-five members of Congress, many governors, foreign ministers, and members of state legislatures, attests marked adaptation to participation in political affairs and the consequent acquisition of prominence in that direction, in respect of which it may be added that there has recently been nothing to indicate any diminution.

We need not dwell on that.——When we run over the list of our graduates—the number of college presidents of professors in colleges, theological seminaries, and medical schools; of those who have given themselves to the ministry of the gospel, the practice of law and of medicine; to teaching and to journalism;

review the record of their useful lives and consider the far-reaching influences for good they have exerted upon the community, we may well congratulate our *Alma Mater* upon results, the achievement of which has been aided or rendered possible through her nurture.

It has been said that college education unfits for practical life and business affairs; but it is difficult to see why in any walk of life, in any field of exertion, in any department of trade, of commerce, or of business, the trained intellect and disciplined mind should not be sure to tell, although, of course, there will be educated men who fail, but not by reason of their education. If Cyrus Hamlin was qualified here to found a college amid the greatest difficulties in a far-off land, did not his Bowdoin training likewise enable him to literally superintend the actual erection of his college buildings; to bake bread for divisions of the Crimean army; to wash the clothes from the army hospitals? Was that education unavailing when he cast his own steam-pipe for his mill, and shut himself up with his forge, good charcoal, a can of oil, and Ure's Dictionary of Arts, and tempered the points of his steel picks? Are not the interests of science and industry identical, and is this any the less so because to obtain the highest ends, truth must be sought for its own sake?

When after less than seventy years of the century of the College had passed, the integrity of the nation was threatened, and the experiment of self-government on an imperial scale trembled in the balance, was there

any debilitating influence derived from the cultivation of letters or the possession of academic education, that withheld the sons of Bowdoin from their country's call? Did not the lessons they had been taught here, the lessons of duty, the lessons of patriotism, the lessons of that spiritual wisdom that finds its central truth in self-sacrifice, bring forth abundant harvest in that hour of peril?

Let the names of Howard and of Chamberlain and of all those inscribed on yonder walls reply; while on the graves of those who died we found a stronger faith in immortality.

The record so briefly sketched is one of excellent and progressive teaching; of wise and faithful training; of successful and honorable results.

With a President and corps of teachers, young, vigorous, in grasp of the accumulated treasures of the learning and experience of the past and in touch with the spirit of the time; with Boards acting in harmony, and numbering in their membership now, as always, men eminent in letters and in the exercise of public functions, and devoted to the cause of higher education; with needed endowments gradually being bestowed as the usefulness of the College becomes more widely recognized, and the *esprit de corps* of its alumni becomes more and more awakened; we look forward in confidence that much as she may fairly claim to have already accomplished, the future of our

Alma Mater will be still more useful and beneficial and crowned with still greater renown.

But the duties and responsibilities resting upon the College as it advances into its second century have increased in importance with the increasing gravity of the questions which unexampled progress in its first has necessarily evolved.

The men who signed the Declaration and framed the Federal Constitution regarded equality and the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as attainable, not through violent and casual forces, but by the effective power of law exerted through a definite scheme of government so ordered as to best secure that sober second thought, whose operation renders popular government possible.

And by written constitutions, National and State, the people themselves set bounds to their own power as against the sudden impulses of mere majorities, and made the protection of life and liberty, the sacredness of contract and the stability of private property, the basis of the State.

Perhaps the most striking incident in Governor Bowdoin's career was the suppression in 1786 of the armed outbreak against constituted authority in Massachusetts, which sprang from the discontent engendered by the miseries succeeding the close of the Revolution, and which so alarmed Washington, among other reasons, because, as Knox wrote him, the insurgents declared for agrarian laws and the annihilation of all

debts, public and private, "easily to be effected by means of unfunded paper money, which shall be a tender in all cases whatever."

In 1794, Washington, in the second term of his Presidency, moved at the head of the troops called out to put down resistance to the enforcement of the laws of the United States.

The approval of these exertions of governmental power thus early in our history indicated the popular consciousness that government is not a thing that goes by itself, and that grievances must be redressed by the pursuit of orderly methods, and not through the overthrow of all authority.

Closely coincident with the year of our foundation the industrial movement began which has led to such marvellous results in the domain of invention; in the increase of production by the application of machinery; in the development of the means of locomotion and intercommunication. Physical science was then in its infancy, and steam and electricity were waiting to be summoned to the service of mankind.

Stupendous as the achievements in these directions have been, we are admonished that Science trembles on the borders of discoveries to which these are as nothing. Nevertheless, the flower in the crannied wall holds the secret of what it is, "root and all, and all in all," and the religious instinct, unrepressed by science or reason, triumphs over the infidelity with

which the century began, and answers the question of Pilate with the Master's life.

But the world is not to be made over on the instant, and the problems of modern civilization cannot be solved by revolution. With the enormous multiplication of population and wealth, that civilization has assumed new political and social aspects. Capital combines; labor organizes; and the demand is made that all corporate power shall be exercised, and that all the instrumentalities of intercourse, all the operations of production and consumption, shall be not simply regulated but conducted by the State.

Thus the liberty of the individual and the cultivation of the virtues essential to real progress, the principles which lie at the base of popular government, are insiduously threatened, and the old question as between reliance on private energy on the one hand and on governmental interposition on the other, again emerges, as between the interference that enables and the interference that destroys.

It was said of Turgot, that he "was filled with an astonished, awful, oppressive sense of the immoral thoughtlessness of men; of the heedless, hazardous way in which they dealt with things of the greatest moment to them; of the immense, incalculable misery which is due to this cause;" and although the hundred years may have somewhat modified this conclusion, that thoughtlessness still keeps alive the seeds of peril. To overcome it is the beneficent mission of

that training and education which, apart from the acquisition of knowledge, develop character and perfect the man.

It does not follow that the successful actor in affairs need necessarily be the graduate of a college or university. Washington and Franklin and Lincoln were not college men (though each a student according to his opportunities), but Samuel Adams and John Adams and Otis and Hamilton and Jay and Jefferson and Madison, and a host of others—the majority of the framers of the Constitution, and the hundreds who through the pulpit and the press prepared the way for the Revolution—were; and at this juncture nothing is clearer than that in the coming years the higher education will play the most efficient and saving part in the preservation of institutions and in the leadership essential to avert or to control whatever crisis may be threatened or arise.

A few months since, in the White City by the Lake, the creation of a municipality whose location was the carrying place of the red man a hundred years ago, the marvellous material, intellectual, and spiritual progress of mankind was exemplified in honor of the discoverer of America.

The fruits of civilization thus displayed signally commemorated the faith, the endurance, and the patience which gave a new world to the old. Those are the qualities which, slowly it may be, but certainly,

outweigh whatever ignorance, or unbelief, or brute force may cast into the other scale.

May the faith, the endurance, and the patience which characterized those who laid the foundations of this institution, safe guarded its early progress, and secured the great measure of success which has attended it, be with its government, its teachers, and its pupils as aforetime, enabling the sons of Bowdoin in the centuries to come, in the pursuit of lofty ends, whether in science, in letters, in philosophy, in the professions, or in public affairs, to serve well their day and generation, to efficiently aid in sustaining and perpetuating the institutions of their beloved country and the complete accomplishment of its great destiny, and so to contribute their whole part to the final triumph of humanity.

POEM

THE TORCH-BEARERS

BY

ARLO BATES, LITT.D.

CLASS OF 1876

Copyright, 1894, by Arlo Bates.

ONCE in this place I saw a poet stand,
In all the dignity of age, with hair
White as the foam on Androscoggin's falls;
And heard his silver voice over the hush
More eloquent than noisy plaudits say:
"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" While all those who listened knew
Fame had so crowned him that he still would live
When death had done its worst. To-day the grace
Lies in the high occasion, not the lay.
To-day we mark the rounded century,
And pause to say: "Our fathers have done well;
Let us take counsel what their sons may do."

At such a time, in such a place as this;
Here, where a melancholy whisper comes
From the thin breezes yearning toward sea;
Where wistful sighs of long remembrance stir
The bosom of the ever-murmuring pines;
Here, where a thousand varied memories
Rise up to waken pride or touch regret;
Where our lost youth lies wait and peers at us
As if some dryad shy peeped from her tree;
What word is fitting here and fitting now?

We find our hearts too full for lightsome speech.
The burden of the century which ends,

The burden of the ending century,
Together weigh upon us, and incite
To thoughts of grave and deep solemnity.
The empty babble of things idly said
By lip alone were insult to the time.
Not for a day like this are gleeful song
And amorous lay,—melodious nightingales
Fluting enchantment to the southern moon;
Gay mockery of life, like dancing foam
Flashing and crackling at the wine-cup's brim.
Not for a day like this regretful plaint
For all that has been, but, alas! is not.
Jocund bravado of high-thoughted youth
And bitterness of grief-acquainted age
Alike would jar. For, lo, here Duty waits
With finger on her lip, unsmiling, stern,—
And yet with eyes of passionate desire
Which yearn for that which is beyond all speech;
Her mien austere, and yet her lofty look
An inspiration and a benison.

It is in Duty's name that one must speak,
Or let the silence prove more eloquent.

THE TORCH-BEARERS

I

ONCE on a night so dark it might have been
Ere God had yet commanded: "Be there light!"
When all the spirits of the dread unseen
Had burst their bonds, and joined rebellious fight,
I stood among the fisher-folk, and heard
The innumerable tumult of the storm sweep down,
Till the earth quivered, and the sea seemed stirred
To its remotest deeps, where they who drown
Sleep calm in water still as lucent stone.
The wind and wave were all commingled. Sea
And air were one. The beaten surf was blown
Like sand against our faces; mockingly
A million voices clamored in the dark,
Deriding human might. They who upheld
The flaring torches stood there gaunt and stark,
And fought for breath; while yet they stood unquelled,—
For there were boats at sea.

A woman lay
Face down along the sand, her brown hands clenched,
Her hair mixed with the drifted weed, while spray

And rain and icy sleet her garments drenched
And froze her as she lay and writhed. Her love
Was in the boats. His mother at her head
Crouched with white locks storm-torn; while bright above
The red glare by the flaring torches shed
Fell on white faces, wild with fear and pain,
Peering with eyes hand-shaded at the night
In vain endeavor some faint hope to gain.
But the black wall of darkness beat the light
Backward as from a block of ebony.

The spume and spray like snow-flakes whirling flew
Where the torch-bearers stood, half in the sea;
From every torch the flakes of red flame blew
Backward, as float the blood-stained tufts of down
Torn by an arrow from a fleeing bird.
The wind beat down the flame, the rain would drown;
Almost it seemed shrill voices might be heard
Crying against the beacon set to guide
The tempest's prey to safety. "Quench it! Quench!"
The voices clamored; while the angry tide
Leaped on the bearers to drag down and drench
The saving flame. Yet none the less they held
Their bright, wind-beaten torches high
Amid the storm, and as it fiercer swelled
Flung out defiant hope to sea and sky.

II

Like those brave torch-bearers around whom foam
And wind-blown spray flew blindingly, to-day
Stands man upon these shores, refuge and home
Of Liberty, who fled in sore dismay
Across the seas, escaping lash and chain,—
The nameless tortures of the sullen East,
Where souls are thrown like dice and manhood slain;—
The tyrannies of Europe, rack of priest
And knout of Tzar, the dungeon and the spy;—
The cunning craft of Bismarcks, gluing up
With blood an empire;—the infuriate cry
Of France, drunk both with blood and pleasure's cup;—
England's supreme brutality, which leaps
To strike each weak, defenceless land, and leaves
Her bravest sons to die unsuccored; keeps
Ireland in chains beneath her feet, and weaves
A net of tyrannies around the earth
Until the sun can never on them set.

Such things have been. Alas for man when birth
Means slavery!
Her snowy shoulders wet
With unstaunched blood, torn by the biting lash;
Her wrists scarred with the gyves; her pleading eyes
Piteous in wild entreaty; bruise and gash
On her fair brow,—fled Liberty, with cries
Which startled to the stars with piercing dread.
Daring to draw our daily breath like men,

To walk beneath the sky with lifted head,
    How should we know man's degradation when
His every heartbeat slackens with the fear
    Of lash and chain,—life's meaning to the slave?
It was from this fled Liberty, and here
    She finds a refuge or she finds a grave.
For, O America, our country! Land
    Hid in the west through centuries, till men
Through countless tyrannies could understand
    The priceless worth of freedom,—once again
The world was new-created when thy shore
    First knew the Pilgrim keels; that one last test
The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er
    The strife with evil till it proved its best.
Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold
    A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.
If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,
    Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide
    And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide
    From tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold
    Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,
The race is lost! A globe dispeopled, cold,
    Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,
Were not so stamped by all which hope debars
    As were this earth, plunging along through space
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,

Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won or here must all be lost;
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all;—
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

III

As when an avalanche among the hills
Shakes to their very base the mountains hoar
And with a din of vibrant voices fills
All air and sky, there answer to its roar
A hundred empty echoes, poor and thin,
So words come after deeds; so must words stand
For all that men hold holiest, all they win
By might of soul no less than strength of hand.
What generations desperately brave
Have fought through war and woe, through doubt and pain,
To break the bonds which make of man a slave;
How poor are words to gather up their gain!

We hear with even, hardly quickened breath
    Or one poor thrill, freedom's supernal name;
The word our fathers cried in blood and death
    Leaves but a dying echo, weak and tame.
We read the patriots' roll with hearts unmoved,
    And count their deeds as old wives' tales grown
        stale;
The glorious fields in which their worth was proved
    Grow thick with grass; heroic memories fail.

O men, sons of the world's one land left free,
    What shall bring home to you the mighty truth,—
The burden of your sacred destiny,
    The office which is yours in very sooth?
What word will make you feel that you must stand
    Like those torch-bearers in the night and storm?
That mankind struggles desperate toward land,—
    Lost, if your beacon-light do not inform
Their tempest-blinded eyes? Not yours to sit,
    Sheltered and warm, and hear the gale sweep by
Unheeded. Let the blazing torch be lit,
    And stand like heroes where the surf is high!
The night roars round us as if tempests cleft
    The solid earth and made the heavens bow;
If now the torches fail, what hope is left,—
    For never was more need of aid than now?

IV

Yet not alone from base indifference
    Do her sons fail the land in her sore need.

Easy it were to arm in her defence,
  And on the splendid fields of glory bleed.
The land lacks not sons at her call would die,—
  It is a harder task for her to live!
And who may say which way duty doth lie?
  Who tell what aid we to our land may give?
Lo! like the thunders by a prophet heard
  Telling the things which future days shall see,
Far down the ages rolls the mighty word,
  The voice of God: "The Truth shall make you
    free!"
The Truth! Not now we fight with sword and lance,
  Nor yet with eager bullet swift for prey;
Strife is not fiercest now where foes advance
  In ranks embattled, in mad zeal to slay.
Thus have men fought of old, and thus while life
  Is made a pawn in the great game of fate
Men may fight on; but keener is the strife
  Where bloodless triumphs upon victory wait.

When first rude savage brutes—but half aware
  That they were men; feeling their doubtful way
To reason and to manhood,—chose some lair
  Where crouched and huddled like wild wolves they
    lay,
They made him chief who beat them down and broke
  Their pride with fear;—but if he did them wrong,
If he betrayed, their sullen rage awoke;
  And stealing on him stretched in sleep along,

They slew him,—doing sacrifice to truth
By very treachery, in guiltless crime.

Oblivion-lost, dull generations, youth
And age melted together in the lapse of time,
Sped from the womb swift-footed to the tomb;
And learned of life and love a little, learned
Of death and hate how much! From out the gloom
Of those dim centuries, long since returned
To chaos whence they came, whatever gleam
Of light glances to sight is but the flare
Of sword or lance; or, if a brighter beam
Leap up a moment, 'tis the dancing glare
Of blazing town, or pyre where in flame
Some warrior goes in fire to claim reward
For hardihood in battle. What was fame
But echo from the din of fight? Abhorred
Was he who dared name peace. All history
Is writ in blood and stained with battle-smoke;
While still that word: "THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE!"
Uncomprehended, down the ages spoke.

V

But what is truth? Wise sages long inurned
And countless generations craved it still
With unavailing passion, faith which yearned
In ecstacies of hope, and ardent will

Which stormed high heaven and groped in utmost deep.
  Since time's first day the history of man
Has been this quest; and yet of all who sleep
  In graves unnumbered how few won to scan
The open secret blazoned all around!
  What far lands have been searched, what battles
    fought,
What stress of soul endured; yet men have found
  It not! And found it not because they sought
For that which is not; thinking truth a thing,
  Cold concrete fact, their very hands might touch,
To which their weakness, their despair might cling.

  How could they know the truth, deeming it such?
How many ages needed man to learn
  That that which changeless is may changeful show!
Alters the spherèd moon, although it turn
  With varying phases to our eyes below?
Truth is not brought from far; it comes not fair
  Like delvèd gold drudged darkling from the mine;
It breathes about us like the morning air;
  For every eye its quenchless glories shine.
Wide as the light, truth is not formal creed,
  Or fact or law or theory; it takes
A thousand shapes protean, now in deed
  And now in doctrine, like a wave which breaks
Forever on the jagged rocks, and yet
  Is never twice the same. A passing word
Holds it a moment, as a jewel set

In a king's signet if his hand be stirred
Kindles with sudden light, then darkens straight;—
So with the word upon the very tongue
Sudden 'tis false. Truth's trumpet tones elate
Awake to deeds such as the bards have sung,—
Then ere their echoes die the clear notes jar,
And harshest discords crash upon the ear;
Till that which has been truth from truth is far,
And they who fought in faith shrink back in fear.

How many noble souls in ages old
Have given life itself to testify
That that was true which now as false we hold;
Faiths which to-day discarded, trampled lie
Have been the war-cry thrilling hearts austere;
Legions have rushed their triumph to achieve,
And with their blood have written crimson-clear
Upon a hundred fields: "This we believe!"
From fallen truth to truth shall fall the race
Goes ever forward. What to-day is true
To-morrow will be false, and in its place
New creeds as frail will live their short day through.
Like bubbles on a flood, brief as a breath,
Yet telling how the stream flows ceaselessly,
Truth's brave illusions have their birth and death,
Immutable in mutability.
For truth is as a ray of light let fall
Upon the sea,—for every wavelet bright

A different beam; the same for all
    And yet diverse in every mortal's sight.
It were as easy for a babe to reach
    And gather up the sunshine on the floor
As to enchain elusive truth in speech,—
    Though changeless yet evasive evermore.

VI

Who then shall know truth? Who the glory claims
    To feel his being kindle with its fire?
How amid falsehood's thousand dancing flames
    Know the pure spark of man's supreme desire?
Stand with thyself alone. Let mankind be
    As if it were not. Question then thy soul:
"Say now what thou believest?" That for thee
    Is truth the ultimate. The hoar stars roll
No surer in their orbits, firmly stayed
    By unseen bonds of elemental force,
Than man's inmost integrity is swayed
    By that which is of verity the source.

Eons through space and through eternity
    The universe sweeps forward on its way;—
Whence, who shall say? While whither utterly
    Is hid from knowledge as night hides the day.
Yet all men feel the current of its tide;
    We know the push of unseen hands behind.
Man's earliest conscious thought barbaric tried
    With groping speech a name for this to find,

And called it God or destiny or fate;
  Weighing assurance by the weight of doubt;
Greater in faith because of fear more great;
  Believing most what least man might search out.
To-day Doubt, with her sneering, chilling smile,—
  She who destroys all faiths which time hath spared
As the weird sphinx with her entangling guile
  Devoured them whom her riddle had ensnared;
Doubt, who with her destructive finger breaks
  Each gleaming bubble of fair fancy frail,
And of its iridescent beauty makes
  A drop discolored,—laughs to scorn the tale
Of other days as fable void and vain.
  Only one thing remains she may not reach;
One thing which man can never doubt, though slain
  All other verities the ages teach.
Conviction moves us still. What man believes
  We reverence, whether we his faith may share
Or wonder how some wile his faith deceives.
  We feel the truth, beyond all doubt aware
That truth lies in sincerity, though shame
  And ignorance have bred and folly mean,—
As fire is pure although its lambent flame
  Feed on heaped foulness, festering and obscene.

On this rests all the faith of man in man;
  All brotherhood, all knowledge and all hope.
On this rests love. All human dealing scan,
  Nor find the limits of its gracious scope!

Why is the martyr's name the highest crown
Which man may win, save that it proves him true
To that which speaks within? Lo, up and down
The wide, cold earth their influences renew
Courage and faith, till all true men thereat
Are steadfast in their turn, aroused thereby;—
Not for the thing which they believed, but that
They did believe, and dared for this to die!

See where a broken host, desperate and torn,
Reddened with blood as with the sunset's glow,
Sweeps down the field in one last charge forlorn,
Knowing their cause is lost, yet choosing so
To fling their lives up in the face of fate,—
Too resolute to fear, too great to grieve,—
Exultant thus their death to dedicate
To that which they through life might not achieve.
And all mankind shall honor them,—yea, all!
Though they fight in an evil cause, they fight
For truth who hold conviction firm; and fall
Martyrs for truth, and children of the light.

There was a morn when all Rome stood aghast.
Riven with a thunder-bolt from Jove on high
Yawned in the forum a chasm deep and vast
As hell itself might at the bottom lie.
Tumultuous terror through the city sped.
Mothers their babies clasped, and maids as pale
As lilies lightning-seared, fear-smitten fled
Up to the pillared temples, with wild wail

Crying to the immortal gods for aid.
  Men whose undaunted might Rome boasted, now
Were weak as cowards, trembling and afraid.
  The priests with smoking sacrifice and vow
Of hecatombs to the vexed deities
  Strove to assuage heaven's wrath; until at last
The sullen oracle what would appease
  Indignant Jove proclaimed: "Let there be cast
Into the gaping depth Rome's choicest thing."
  Then rode young Mettus Curtius to the brink,
And reined his curd-white horse in act to spring.
  "Lo, here," he cried; "can hoary wisdom think
Of aught in Rome more choice, to Rome more dear,
  More precious in the sight of gods and men
Than Rome's young manhood?"
                                        Down the chasm sheer
  He leaped to death and glory; and again
The rifted forum trembled, while as wave
  Whelms into wave, the abyss shuddering closed,
Gulfing with greedy maw the dauntless brave,
  Forever deathless there in death reposed.
We count his faith but folly; yet every heart
  Still at his deed must thrill, because he died
For that which he believed, and stands apart
  By that supreme devotion sanctified.

Woe were it mole-blind man if truth for him
  Meant vision piercing down eternity,

Solving creation's riddles far and dim,
  The secret of infinity to see.
We scan the countless errors of the past
  And know them false, yet these were very proof
Of mankind's truth. Brave hearts have held them fast,
  And given life itself in their behoof.
Even at the very mouth of error's den
  Will singleness of soul build truth a shrine;
Truth's lily flowers, star-white, in falsehood's fen;
  Sincerity makes even doubt divine.

See where Niagara majestic pours
  Its flood stupendous down the precipice,
And from its thousand throats Titanic roars
  Shoutings which quiver through the wide abyss.—
Seek not truth's image there; but look below
  Where wild the whirling, seething Rapids rush,
Striving in wrath and tumult to and fro,
  Wave smiting wave as rocks together crush,
Force battling force in Nature's feud supreme,
  Confusion infinite, uncurbable;—
While underneath the turmoil still the stream
  Makes ever seaward; undisturbable
The law which urges on. Each jarring wave,
  Each boiling whirlpool, while it seems to stay,
Yet helps the river onward; floods that rave,
  Current and eddy, all one law obey.
Thus truth goes forward. Every thought sincere,
  Conviction's every word and every deed,—

Although they seem to hinder, and appear
As counter-currents,—every passing creed,
Each noble error where the soul is true
Though human weakness blind poor human sight,—
Helps the truth onward. Be our glimpses few
Of that great tide which to some ocean bright
Flows on forever; be its surface vexed
With turmoils infinite; hidden by spray
And foam and spume; its channels all perplexed,—
Yet be thou sure nothing its course can stay.

What man believes is truth. To this alone
The ages cling. The greedy hand of time
Steals all but this. From origin unknown
To destiny unknown moves man, sublime
In this alone, that he forever dwells,
If so he will, with inmost being lit
By truth's clear light divine, which ever wells
From the deep glories of the infinite.

VII

Such then is truth, and truth shall make man free.

Strong is that land whose every son is true
To the clear flame of his integrity.
Strong any land, though armèd guards be few,
Poor her defences, weak her armament,
Whose sons no higher good than truth conceive;

But, each in his own sphere, remain unbent,
    Unswerved from that which they at heart believe.
Mighty that nation, bless'd among the lands,
    Whose sons think first of country, last of self;—
Woe were a state where men stretch greedy hands
    Grasping for place, and palms that itch for pelf;
Whose senates have become a market-place
    Where laws are to the highest bidder sold;
Where only honesty secures disgrace,
    And honor has no measure save hard gold;
Where parties claim the people's sufferance
    Not for their virtue but for foe's misdeed;
Where public trusts from shame to shame advance,
    And faction vies with faction in its greed;
Where pledges are like balls which jugglers toss;
    Where no abuse of place can pass belief;
Where patriotism means—profit and loss;
    And one scarce knows a statesman from a thief!

Shall our land come to this? Is such the end
    Of all our fathers' loss and toil divine?
Their burning hope, their faith which could transcend
    All doubt and present agony; resign
All that the flesh holds dear, counting it naught
    If thus they might to their own souls be true;
If thus new freedom for the race be bought;
    And truth its mighty kingdom here renew?
Shall our land ever come to this,—our state,
    The last hope of mankind? Shall it betray

The high trust of its destiny,—ingrate,
The mock of all the earth, shame of the day,
Stained with disgrace too deep for night to hide?
Shall our loud-sounding boasts of freedom, made
To all the globe; the vows of swelling pride
Flung in the face of man and heaven, fade
Like wreaths of smoke?
Forbid it, all the roll
Of patriots who have died to make us free;
Forbid it, martyrs, great and stern of soul,
White as Sir Galahad in integrity;
Forbid it, noble forefathers, who gave
Life and all life's best boons of love and peace
In high-souled manhood, this one land to save
For its great destiny, lest freedom cease,
And mankind's hope be lost!
Forbid it, ye
On whom the burden lies; ye, by whose voice
Is made the choice of leaders,—yours to see
That these be men to make the truth rejoice.
Not statesmen, dazzling with shrewd eloquence,
Not politicians, weaving cunning snares,
Not even knaves who claim omnipotence
For bank-accounts,—self-damning unawares!—
Can shape the destiny of this free land.
They are the hands, but back of them there lies
The great will of the people. All shall stand,
All fall by this, whatever chance arise.
However cunning tricksters may befool,

Or crafty schemers turn the law aside;
However leaders eloquent may rule,
Or generous statesmen strive for good to guide;
It is the people's will which must be done.
The schemer fears it as a slave the lash;
Power circles round it as earth round the sun;
It is the last appeal when factions clash.
It is your will, men of America,
Which yonder in the senate-house is wrought;
It is your will, and if anathema
Be its desert, upon yourselves 'tis brought.
Your will is law; and if you stand aloof,
Idle in indolent indifference
When shame and evil put the land to proof,
Where shall our country look for her defence?
It is from your conviction must be born
The truth which makes the nation nobly free.
Though night should mock the very hope of morn,
Hold high the torch of your integrity!
Speak from your very souls, and be not stilled
By plea of party or by greed of gain;—
Freedom was ne'er by honest error killed;
By falsity alone can it be slain.
The chain has strength of its least link alone;
One loosened sod the avalanche lets slip;
The arch falls crashing through one crumbling stone;
One traitor mars the goodliest fellowship.
That land alone is safe whose every son
Is true to his own faith and cannot fail;

Where men cannot be trusted one by one
    Little appeals to all shall have avail!
Be not beguiled by busy theorists
    Who would upon the state all burdens lay.
The state but subject to men's will exists,
    Is wise or weak, is true or false, as they.
It is in self-hood which makes man divine
    The strength of nations lies. No liberty
Can be where men are but a mass supine;
    Each must be true or all cannot be free.

Far off in the old misty Norseland sang
    A bard heroic ere the Viking prow
Had found out Vinland; and his song, which rang
    Above the clang of swords, avails us now.
"Thyself thyself direct!" the old bard cried.
    The inspiration of that high word still
Thrills through us. Thrust all meaner guides aside
    And follow thy best self. Thy good and ill
Lie in thine own sure keeping. For the land
    And for thyself thou art thyself as fate.
No other man can do thy part; none stand
    An instant in thy place or soon or late.
Thine own soul be thy judge to prove thy worth,
    To try thy deeds by thy conviction's law;—
And what were all the glories of the earth
    If this tribunal dread find blame or flaw!
Though plaudits of the nations to the skies
    Proclaim thee great, if thou art small and mean

How canst thou deck thy shame in such disguise
That by thyself thy baseness be not seen?
What though thy virtues choke the trump of fame
If thou shouldst know them false? Better despite
And burning infamy and bitter blame
Than praise unmerited. Better the blight
Of all men's censure undeserved than one
Quick taunt of self,—for what man IS is all.
Only the truth can matter; and undone
Is he who for the shadow shall let fall
The substance.
Yet, though self-hood be supreme,
The lowest deep to which man's soul is led
Is selfishness. Thyself from self redeem.
The man who lives for self alone is dead.
Better St. Simeon Stylites, caged
Upon his narrow pillar, than the man
With his own petty cares alone engaged.
Not such shall save the land; but they who scan
The broad horizon of humanity,
Asking their very souls what they may do
To help men on and up. They are most free
Who most for others dare to self be true.
Speak out by action thy soul's deep belief;
Be true to all by faith to thine own sooth;
Amid whatever night of doubt and grief
Hold high the ever-blazing torch of truth!

Men of our college, gathered here to-day,
If this be an hard saying; if I seem
Too much to play the preacher, let the word
Or stand or fall as it to you is true.
To-day the land has bitter need of us.
Across the sea what myriads swarming come
From the dark pestilential dens which reek
With all the Old World's foulness. Those to whom
Knowledge is given stand in double trust,
Guardians of liberty and of the right.
No man can flee responsibility,
Which surely as his shadow to him clings.
Ye are the torch-bearers; stand firm, stand staunch.
Light all the coming new-born century
With splendid blazon in the name of truth!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0002339228 8